32: Gille: O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

177 But even the cruelest gossip, if rehashed long enough, becomes tiresome, and in due time the vicious-minded turned their talents elsewhere. During the five years I remained in the community, nothing was added to, or subtracted from, the mystery of the Bone-setter.

871 By the time the town started holding races the following summer, 857 Albert was recovered sufficiently to ride his father's horses, and he 541 returned to the Indian boarding school in the fall. When he and Earny returned home at Christmas, Jim brought the two boys to the store to exhibit them in their blue school clothes. Albert had grown, unbelievably. Jim and I put him between us, and he was almost as tall as 541 we were. Earny was rejoicing at his brother's growth. It meant he 302 would now ride his father's horses in the races. The school people allowed Albert to wear his hair long enough to cover his scalp and neck scars, and he was truly a fine-looking young Indian man.

885 The Comanches had a word for him, but I was not to learn it for 884 some time. The word is *Tao-yo-vis-ses*, meaning a fine-looking young man of warrior age. The story is that in camp, after the fall hunt and before the bands went their separate ways to winter quarters, the boys who had become young men would clean and polish their finest 302 horses. Then, with their womenfolks assisting, they would carefully 241 comb and braid their hair, rub oil into their skin until it glistened, don their gaudiest breechclout and moccasins, and ride bareback slowly through the camp, single file.

The camp might well be strung for some miles up and down a creek or stream. The boys were joined by the girls who had reached 302 puberty but were not married. The girls, hair in two long braids, paint- 291 ed and dressed in new buckskin dresses and leggings, were equally proud of their bodies and bearing. The girl's name corresponding to *Tao-yo-vis-ses* is *Nai-vi-se*.

The older Comanches considered this the finest sight in all the world. Everyone came out of the tipis, young and old, warriors and chiefs, and they cried out over and over, "Tao-yo-vis-ses! Nai-vi-se!" There before them was the tribe's future—its chiefs, its war leaders, its warriors, and the bearers of the tribe's men babies. Here were "The People" of tomorrow's tomorrow.

Now Albert Martny, who but for the skill of the unnamed Bone-setter would surely have died, was a handsome young warrior. You may be sure, come the summer Grass-Money time, Albert's womenfolks presented their *Tao-yo-vis-ses* with pride.